THE VERMONT TRANSCRIPT.

Vol. I. ST. ALBANS, VT., FRIDAY, AUGUST 19, 1864. No. 23.

THE TRANSCRIPT.

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY

By HENRY A. CUTLER.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:

To those receiving the paper through the Post-Office, $1.75 per annum. To Village subscribers receiving the paper by the carrier, 50 cents in addition will be charged.

Fifty Cents a year will be added when payment is delayed beyond six months.

No paper discontinued until all arrearages are paid, except at the option of the Publisher.

RATES OF ADVERTISING:

TRANSIENT ADVERTISEMENTS.—Per square of 12 lines or less, of this type, for first insertion 75 cents; for each subsequent insertion, 25 cents.

The number of insertions must be marked on all advertisements, or they will be continued until ordered out. Transient advertisements to be paid for in advance.

☞ A liberal discount will be made on the above rates to those advertising by the year.

LEGAL NOTICES will be inserted at 12½ cents per line.

NEW ENGLAND.

The hills of New England—
How proudly they rise,
In the wildness of grandeur,
To blend with the skies!
With their far azure outline,
And tall ancient trees;
New England, my country,
I love thee for these!

The vales of New England
That cradle her streams;
That smile in their greenness
Like land in our dreams;
All sunny with pleasure
Embosomed in ease—
New England, my country,
I love thee for these.

The woods of New England—
Still verdant and high,
Though rocked by the tempests
Of ages gone by;
Romance dims their arches
And speaks in the breeze—
New England, my country,
I love thee for these!

The streams of New England,
That roar as they go;
Or seem in their stillness
But dreaming to flow;
O bright glides the sunbeam
Their march to the seas—
New England, my country,
I love thee for these!

The homes of New England,
Free, fortuned and fair;
O many a heart treasures
Its seraphim there!
E'en more than thy mountains
Or streamlets, they please—
New England, my country,
I love thee for these!

God shield thee, New England,
Dear land of my birth!
And thy children that wander
Afar o'er the earth;
Thou'rt my country, wherever
My lot shall be cast—
Take thou to thy bosom
My ashes at last!

My Spring Campaign.

Twenty years ago, my aunt asked for the privilege of giving her name to the little, ugly mass of flesh, blood and contortions, and I was duly dubbed Betsy Jane Herrick. I have been told I was quite a pretty child, when my face was straight, (and that was like angel's visits, for it was constantly in a squalling attitude). Indeed, my mother told me she never would have had the patience to raise me if she had not thought I *would* make *something* when grown. I *have* made *something;* nothing more or less than a Bloomer! I have the misfortune, at present, to be the only surviving child. The others—there were three of them—being a degree crosser than myself, cried themselves to death—said to have died of *fits.*

When I arrived at my fifteenth year, my parents concluded that Betsey Jane needed some polishing, and as farmer Jones was about to send his Julia to boarding school, it was decided that I should also have a smattering of fashionable school training. I was already beginning to see that my cognomen was far from being poetical, so I gave my name in to the Secretary of the Seminary as "B. Jennie Herrick." That was enough to give an appreciative mind a deep impression of my importance.

Three years were spent in conjugating the verb *to love*, through French, German and Latin, with the other accoutrements of music, drawing and painting. I never studied much, but my chum said I always recited at my turn; so that at the close of my school life, I acquitted myself as a very good scholar—though not all polished; for if I wanted to laugh, it was loud enough to awaken from his snoring a moderate sleeper a quarter of a mile away.

A year was spent in travelling—a season in looking at the different dresses in Saratoga and Newport—a winter divided between the "Hub of the Universe," the "Pure city," and the "City of Brotherly Love." The last year has been spent at home mostly, surrounded by a flock of lovers—lovers of Squire Herrick's hospitality, and lovers of nonsense compounded and gilded with fashion.

A little thing turns the tide in one's life sometimes. A little thing caused me to look inside at my poor miserable life, as barren of beauty as a desert—as useless and aimless as an idiot's—as contemptible and deplorable as an office-seeker's. It made me sick of myself. My advantages had been liberal, and my talents of no mean order. And there had been, notwithstanding, an unceasing round of beaux, parties, a terrible expenditure of money, and all to no purpose. I was disgusted with it. It was cold, hollow, and meaningless. It was wearing my life out. I was growing nervous, hysterical, had a poor appetite, and was troubled with that everlasting complaint of woman's, the *headache*. How I hated it all!

But what should I do? I thought of a variety of employments, but it would need time for the carrying out of such plans. I wanted something immediate, for fear my new resolutions might weaken. If I had been a man, I should have done as our best and noblest have done, *gone to war*. I did the next patriotic thing, and went to war with myself. My adorable lovers! could they endure the trial to which their nerves were to be subjected? They were but human, and a breeze of sense might blow them away. My first battle was with my parents the next morning.

"I've a request to make, father and mother, and I very much desire that you may grant it." My face flushed all over at this. I could feel the blood tingling at my very finger ends.

"What is it, Betsey Jane?" says father. "Has Will Hastings been making"—

"No—Will Hastings has nothing to do with it, nor anybody's *will* but my own. 'Tis just this: I want you to dismiss our help girl; there are only three of us in the family, and I really think we need no girl."

"But," interrupted mother, "do you think your poor old mother wants to kill herself?"

"No; I mean that I don't want to kill *myself* doing nothing. I have lived uselessly about long enough."

There were numberless objections to this, but by diligent entreaty and argument, I carried the day. Three days later, I assumed the position of Bridget. But before half the morning had elapsed, *I was tired to death!*—yes, "my lady was tired to death." If I went up stairs, one hand must hold up a quantity of crinoline and skirts. If I came down stairs, there was the rat, tat, tat, of steel upon the stairs. If I passed into a narrow place, both hands must be enlisted in squeezing the balloon into a collapsed state. I was in constant fear of tipping boxes, jugs, catching my dress on nails, or wiping off some convenient black kettle. My dress must be *pinned up*, or be beautifully drabbled around the bottom. My shoes were too thin for out-door wear.

I had another battle to fight. There were no lives sacrificed—only a few false notions of gracefulness, dignity, &c., quietly beheaded and buried. My first attack was at the shoe store, and resulted in the capture of a pair of balmoral calf-skins—No. 5—legally captured, of course. The dress question occupied my attention next. I had heard of bloomers, but most ungraciously stuck up my proboscis at them, like hundreds of other foolish women who *know* nothing of their excellences. I did not have any of Dr. Harriet Austin's patterns or guides—neither wanted any. I took from my wardrobe a cast-off dress, very good, except it was most shamefully switched out around the bottom. Cutting off the rags and hemming it up, I had a dress two or three inches above the top of my shoes. The next morning I appeared in the kitchen, *sans* crinoline, *sans* trail, *sans* flummydiddles. Cousin John, who happened in to see father, cries out, "Och! and Bridget, how long since ye came over from Ould Ireland?"

This put us all in a roar of laughter, which of itself was enough to pay for one Bloomer scene. Father, who, like sensible men, never admired the "institution," (as he calls crinoline), said "Betsey Jane never looked better." He always calls me Betsey Jane, and thinks it is a very substantial name. He says these Jennies, Carries and Lotties, do very well for these high-flown folks, who are always running after some new-fangled notions.

My new harness fitted me so well that I found my work completed in half the time, and with more than twice the ease. I could now hunt for hen's nests without frightening the hens with a transient ghost of a hay-stack. So I started for the barn. On my way, uncle passed with "Well there, you look like the last run of shad! My Katie had on something like that the other day, and I threatened to turn her away."

"Whenever you tire of her," I replied, "send her here. This shall be an asylum for the oppressed, hereafter."

I had a fine time hunting for eggs. My movements were so free and untrammeled that it seemed like living over again my childhood.

Just before sitting down to dinner, Cousin John came in, saying, "I thought I'd come over and dine with you, Jennie, and see how you hold out in your new-fangled costume."

"Well, Sir John, despite all your sarcasm, I hold out faithful, and with the aid of common sense, intend to, while my laboring life lasts."

"Will you receive visitors, this afternoon, in your really charming habit?"

"No—I shall dress up this afternoon; but if my friends make morning calls, they will find me in my working dress."

"But what if Dr. Wilson or Hayward, or"——

"I wouldn't run for all the gentlemen in town. I presume the said dandies would stare and wonder if I was sane, fee-faw-fum awhile, suddenly call to mind an engagement, and vamose. You needn't laugh, Cousin John, and think I will not dare do as I say. I know I am surrounded by fashion, and caste is at a premium, and women are sacrificing health, comfort and happiness, for the 'looks of the thing.' It is really a relief to me to see how a woman really does look. She has been confounded with stays and hoops so long that we cannot help fancying her a moving pyramid. An African woman seeing a French madame, with a *grand panier* under her long robe, exclaimed, "*Madame, tout cela est-il vous meme?*" No wonder the Japanese thought American women very queer specimens of the *genus homo*. I'm sure you wouldn't hand down dry goods, rummage among boxes and trumpery, with a hogshead attached to your suspenders."

The dress question subsided by John's asking for another cup of coffee, to "quiet his nerves," adding it was quite palatable for a "green hand." Next morning, jingle went the door bell at half-past nine. I answered the summons, and had the merriment of seeing Dr. Wilson look at me as though I was a sight to behold. I invited him into the drawing-room and did my best to entertain, which was poorly enough. He is what goes to the making up of a fashionable gallant, knows how to bring in pretty sayings about your face, eyes, hair and figure, pick up handkerchiefs, and almost an Aaron Burr in helping a woman into a carriage. His patent-leather boots were as bright and polished as a steel mirror, and encased a foot, small, of course, to compare with his brains. After a somewhat embarrassing silence, the Doctor stammered out with, "Really, Miss Herrick, am I to presume that you have *adopted* your present style of costume?"

"I am very happy to inform you that I *have* adopted it."

"You certainly don't intend to continue the wearing of it?"

"*I do.* Have you any serious objections to my dressing according to my business?"

"Pray, what business have *you* that requires it?"

"Merely that I have volunteered to go to *work* and do something. I'm going to take care of the garden this summer, in addition to housework. Our former gardener has gone to the army, and there seems to be a demand for the spirit of our good old revolutionary mother. I am proud that there is enough of it in me to assert its sway."

I could feel my cheeks flushing as I spoke. A sickening leer hung around the lips of the Doctor's mouth. He evidently "failed to see the point." He had studied medicine, obtained his title, but never had the ambition or tact to distinguish himself in his profession. He gloried in his idleness and thirty thousand dollars. He left with much fewer flourishes of his compliments than usual, and was succeeded by Mr. Hayward. When he left, Mr. Bower came, and I was not slow to surmise that Cousin John had been using "strategy," and giving my courage a trial.

They all left with the impression that I was fast becoming a "strong-minded" woman, and altogether too solid for their soft appliances of compliments. My new costume acted as an emetic upon my stomach of "dear friends," for they quietly withdrew, leaving all I cared for, however. Among the latter was George Wayne. He was neither rich, like Wilson, nor gallant, like Hayward. You could feel his goodness better than tell it. It was something indefinable, that pleased and satisfied. He had good, hard sense, and that is worth more than compliments without it. He did not turn up his nose at my new determination, but with his fine, gray eyes kindled with a glow of honest admiration and enthusiasm, he said, "I am *glad*, Jennie, if there is *one* woman in the village who has independence and spirit to act in accordance with the dictates of her better judgment. I was fearful that you belonged to the heartless, frivolous, useless class of women, so common among the rich. I tried to believe otherwise. I thank you that by your 'change of base,' you have proven to me that you are, what I wish all women were, less enslaved by fashion and given to false notions of propriety."

My lady friends were apparently taken by storm. They wondered how I *could* wear *calf skin* shoes, and how I *could* endure to have my hands browned and hardened by labor. They would much sooner think of going to war than to raking garden, or pinching the runners off strawberry plants, or killing bugs on cucumbers, or feeding chickens. And so they dawdled away their time upon such delectables as Wilson, Hayward and troupe, rejoicing in pale faces, with spots of *rouge*, and in delightful headaches and delicate health. On the contrary, for present enjoyment, I am as healthy, rosy-cheeked, red-lipped and happy as an English girl. My hands are brown and hard, but stronger for the piano, while my voice is fuller and clearer than I ever dared to hope it might be. I can make capital bread and pastry, and expect the finest strawberries in town. Morever, I shall have forty dollars to pay into *my* church, the Sanitary Commission—the amount saved by substituting myself in Bridget's position.

For fear some one may be malicious enough to think I am advertising my newly developed virtues, and apply for a place in my good graces, I'll simply add that George Wayne, when home on his last furlough, took the precaution to secure a life-lease from the said B. Jennie Herrick, including brown hands, Bloomer and all, and when the war is over, she will then swear eternal allegiance to a blue-coat.

IN THE TRENCHES.—Imagine long lines of irregular earthworks, three or four deep, a hundred, or two hundred or more yards, as the case may be, advanced in front of another, extending fifteen miles or more, bristling with cannons and mortars, and hiding a huge army out of sight of all the world, whether front or rear, enemies or friends. From stations at the hospital of each corps, immediately in the rear of these lines of earthworks, there is the grandest imaginable opportunity of doing good to the veterans in the trenches. The exhaustion from their eternal vigilance, the price of life, taxes their life power to the utmost. Here one may learn how great a value a little thing, just in time, may have. A bottle of ginger may save many lives; a jar of pickled onions or cabbage may keep in the ranks more men than one, to fill whose place would cost in bounty-money one thousand dollars more or less, with a green man worth not half as much as the veteran lost. A clean shirt, to one suffering for it, has in it a world of comfort, and not a little gospel, if given by a disciple in the name of Jesus. A housewife, or comfort-bag, with its buttons, needles, thread, scissors, letter, &c., has more joy in it oftentimes to a soldier in the trenches, than the most splendid mansion could have to a man rolling in wealth at home. So on of scores of things that might be named. And O how welcome, too, are the visits of the delegates! How ready are the brave men, in the face of death, to hear words of life! Half a mile in front of the trenches, just in the rear of the picket line, one of our delegates tells us of holding a prayer meeting a few evenings ago—and such a meeting! He says one such meeting would set a whole town ablaze if held in one of our churches at home. Another delegate tells us of a picket prayer meeting, three or four evenings since, clear outside in front of the picket line, in a ravine half-way between the two lines of pickets. It was commenced by singing the hymn,

"I love to steal awhile away from every cumbering care,
And spend the hours of setting day, in humble grateful prayer."

Instantly, as the melody rose on the still air of night, the picket firing ceased for the space of more than a mile, and was not resumed during a whole hour. Next day the rebel pickets told ours that they heard the singing and prayer, and heartily wished themselves there.—*Christian Commission Circular.*

Lieut. General Grant.

The following is an extract from a sketch of Gen. Grant, by Prof. Coppee, Editor of the *United Service* Magazine. The whole article is of much ability. The August number of the magazine will have a full, graphic and interesting biography of Major Gen. W. T. Sherman, written by a distinguished officer—an intimate personal friend.

Born of respectable parents, at Point Pleasant, Clermont County, Ohio, Grant was a clever, self reliant, but by no means uncommon Western lad, who was fortunate in procuring an appointment to the Military Academy, "the nursing mother of heroes." He entered that institution in 1839, and while there was only noted for being a plain, good fellow, of great equanimity, contentment, amiability, and common sense. He sought no popularity with his fellow-students; but they all liked him; and it was there he received the sobriquet (every good fellow has a nickname at West Point) of Uncle Sam, from his initials. No one there thought he would ever be a general; indeed, his quiet, retiring demeanor rather veiled than manifested the fine manly qualities which all believed him to possess.

Graduating in 1843, he was brevetted a second lieutenant in the Fourth Infantry, and during the Mexican War participated in every important battle except Buena Vista. In Mexico, his record is distinguished above his rank. At Chepultepec he called forth the eulogies of his regimental, brigade, and division commanders, and may well be proud of the notice of him in Gen. Worth's report,

He resigned his commission in July, 1854, and set about the difficult task—difficult, as a general rule, to army officers who leave the service without independent means—by gaining a livelihood for himself and family by hard work. He dealt in wood; he farmed a little; he turned his hand to many things, with no great success.

The war broke out; the echoing cannon of Sumpter was Grant's summons to the field. First a colonel of volunteers; then, when several regiments came together, an acting brigadier; by reason of his superior West Point knowledge, he was soon after appointed a full brigadier; and with that rank he occupied Fort Henry and "moved upon the enemy's works" at Donelson. A great victory that, to a people anxious and fearful. Who will soon forget the enthusiasm it aroused? For this he was made major general of volunteers, and at once given a more important command.

He fought the battle of Pittsburg Landing on the 6th and 7th of April, 1862. But here candor compels us to say that but for the immediate and timely appearance of General Buell's forces, and the very noble, able, and gallant conduct of that officer, the disaster of the first day might not have been retrieved. Grant had been overpowered. Grant, who has done so much and so brilliantly, will, we are sure, not refuse the chief glory of Shiloh to General Buell, who, we think, richly deserves it.

But all his former glories pale before the splendor of his Vicksburg campaign. The remarkable letter of President Lincoln is the noblest epitome. He says, when you got below, and took Port Gibson, Grand Gulf, and vicinity, I thought you should go down the river and join Gen. Banks, and when you turned northward, east of the Big Black, I feared it was a mistake. I have now to make a personal acknowledgment *that you were right and I was wrong.*

We need dwell no longer upon the great actions which illustrate his career. We draw from them a few inferences which cannot be questioned. Premising to our readers that General Grant is an educated and practical soldier, let us look at his chief qualities.

Grant is a *brave* man; not only fearless in all necessary exposure of his person in battle, but cool, calculating and clearly administrative in danger. A splendid horseman, and of great physical endurance, perhaps he is seen to best advantage on the field of battle directing the movements.

He is a *true* man; true in his aims, and in his adherence to them; true in speech and in act. He has no tortuous policy, no subterranean movements. He does not parade his thoughts, indeed, but he does not mean one thing and say another. He has no talking gift, and he cultivates silence, which, if speech be human, the philosopher has declared to be divine. He is no boaster, no temporizer, no dreamer; he builds no Arcadian castles. He is simply a straightforward actor; between his thoughts, words and deeds there is an exact accordance; and very often the thought and deed dispenses with words,—always, when possible.

He is a man of *strong will* and great *mental endurance;* not disheartened by disaster; always ready to repair and retrieve it. Vicksburg in especial demonstrated this. Repulsed at the north, he tried the cut-off. When that would not do, he landed on the south. Threatened by the rebel armies gathering in his rear, he besieged the town. Repulsed in his attempt to storm the works, he pushed forward the siege; and at length Vicksburg fell, because Grant adhered to his purpose.

He is a *generous* man; ready to give credit to his co-workers and surbordinates. He scorns to receive praise which is their due, and tells of the invaluable aid and co-operation of Sherman, McPherson and others with no stinted eulogium. With such a general men can work; for such a chief they will do all in their power.

He is an *unambitious* man. This needs a word of explanation. Ambitious men seek, as the great end of their labors, self-exaltation. Grant has thus far worked for the good of the country. Each battle has been fought with ulterior view. If God sends honest fame as the reward he does not disdain it; but it must be a sequel, not an aim. Heaven preserve him long for this "last infirmity of noble minds!" It ruins all it touches. It has already paralyzed some of our best men.

In a concluding word, he is a strong, iron, living, busy, honest, capable, self-sustained commander, who will plan wisely, fight terribly, follow up his victories, and leave the rest to Providence,—in whom, after all, must be our trust. He has large and varied talents. He has, what Guizot calls, "the genius of common sense," and with that the power and determination to "go ahead," which we have lacked more than anything else in this war.

How the Day Goes In Hospital.

The business of the day begins at five o'clock. At that hour the nurses busy themselves in cleaning the spittoons, washing the faces and arms of the patients, sweeping out the wards, and making everything tidy. Meanwhile the dressers are at work, cleansing and bandaging the wounds, causing intense pain by the necessary probings, pressures, plasterings, etc., and a great deal of comfort by their generally cheerful reports, to the patients, of the improvements perceptible. If they do not always tell the truth, they are pardonable, for it would be very cruel to reveal every bad symptom, so long as there is hope of ultimate recovery. By 7 o'clock everything is ready for breakfast, which is of three classes: Regular, which is for the mass of the patients, well enough to eat heartily; special, which is for those whose wounds or health require more delicate food; and extra, for those (generally officers) who pay their dollar a day for subsistence. Each class of food is substantial and excellent, well cooked and neatly served. The stomach would be very delicate which would revolt at any of it. After breakfast, there is more sweeping, mopping, bed changing, etc., and two or three times a week a general scrubbing. At regular intervals through the day, there is a distribution of milk-punch, beef-tea, stimulants of various kinds, medicines, etc., according to the directions for the day, placed at the head of the bed of each patient. Dinner at twelve; supper at six, and the retirement of the day nurses and the extinction of lights at nine. Then come the night-watchers and silence. For hours together, sometimes, there is the stillness of death—when you can hear the tread of a mouse; and yet, amid this stillness there is a vast deal of pain, quietly and uncomplainingly borne by the noble fellows who have suffered in battle. God bless them for their heroism in the field, and for their equal heroism on their weary couches! A grateful country will remember and reward them. Throughout the night, at fixed hours, there is the distribution of medicines and stimulants, the wetting of the bandages, and such other attentions as are required for the comfort of the patients. And so wear away the long, weary hours of the night.

Although there is so much suffering, and so little to make one merry, in these depots of maimed men, there is nevertheless sometimes something amusing happening. It is an era for instance when some of the one-legged fellows can take to crutches. When this occurs, spontaneous congratulations from the recumbent crowd follow him whenever he makes his appearance, with an occasional "go it, ye cripple!" "double quick!" "don't kick me!" &c., &c., causing universal hilarity, and bringing a smile to the lips of the worst cases. The happy convalescent takes all this in good part, and sometimes replies, "It will be your turn next, my boy," "be patient, Cap,; when you get your cork leg on it will be all right," "this is jolly, but slow," "two legs are better than three and a half on a retreat," &c., &c., forgetting his loss in the joy of the moment. And then, when some one is well enough to ask for a furlough to go home! It is a theme of conversation throughout the ward, and the happy fellow hobbles from one cot to another to communicate the good news. There are a great many sources of happiness in this world, after all.—*Letter from Washington, by George Dawson.*

About Army Signals.

A correspondent writes from Sherman's army to the Cincinnati Commercial the following interesting description of the duties of signal officers and their manner of working:—

This most interesting and useful arm of the military service is, perhaps, less heard of by the public than any other, and its invaluable labors as well as its frequent imminent perils are alike unrecorded and, therefore unappreciated; the signal officer who would bring late and full news to the commanding General must undergo not a little fatigue and hardship. He must climb high trees to watch the enemy; he must penetrate through tangled thickets and forests, in search of eligible stations; he must climb the sides of steep and rugged mountains, and his bright and showy flag never fails to attract the rebel sharpshooter's fire when he is in reach, which he must often be to secure a good post, or observe the enemy.

When once a station is established his flag must never droop by day nor his torch grow dim by night, till he has orders from his chief to abandon the post for a new one. And yet so great is the mystery with which he must enshroud his art, so profoundly secret must he keep the weighty messages and orders confided to him, and so silent are its operations, that the world and even the army know little about him. He alone is proof against the wiles of those "universal, walking interrogation points," the correspondents, though he, above all others, is the man whom they would delight to be permitted to "use." But he has his reward for all this. In the clear, upper air where he dwells, he sees, as with a hawk's eye, the whole great drama played out beneath him, he sees the long lines of men deployed through the valleys and knows where they go and why; his eyes feast upon the field of battle, where the column of attack rushes impetuously down a wooded slope, across an open field, and up into another piece of woods, and all is clear to him and intelligible, while to others, who must grovel on the ground, there is nothing but an exasperating muddle.

Signal stations are of two kinds: reflecting stations, and stations of observation; the former for transmitting dispatches, the latter for watching the enemy and communicating the results to the commander. Both are constructed on the same principles, and employ the same instruments. The latter are few and simple.

The flag is made of different colors, to contrast with the line of the background, white, black or red. The one usually employed is but four feet square; for the largest distances it is made six feet square, and mounted on a third joint of staff to give it wider range. The marine glass is used for scanning the horizon, and making general observations; the telescope for reading signals at a great distance, and observing fixed points minutely. Beside these there is a certain mysterious pasteboard disc, stamped with a circle of figures, and a sliding interior one of letters corresponding to each. This is the key and clue of the whole matter, and to the uninitiated is of course impenetrable.

When a message is about to be sent, the flagman takes his station upon some elevated object, and "calls" the station with which he desires to communicate by waving the flag or torch slowly to and fro. The operator seated at the glass watches closely the distant flag, and as soon as it responds by dipping, he is ready to send his dispatch. Holding the written message before him, he calls out to the flagman certain numbers, each figure or combination of figures standing for a letter. The flagman indicates each separate figure by an ingenious combination of a few very simple motions. For instance, one stroke of the flag from a perpendicular to a right horizontal, indicates one figure; a stroke to the left horizontal, indicates another; a stroke executing a half circle another, &c. After each motion indicating a figure, the flag returns always to a perpendicular. There are a few syllables which are indicated by a single stroke of the flag; otherwise the word must be spelled out letter by letter. Experienced signal officers, however, employ many abbreviations by omitting vowels, &c., so that scarcely a single word, unless a very unused one, is spelled out in full.

When a message is being received the operator sits at the glass, with the flagman near to record it. This the operator then interprets, for not even the General himself is in the secret, and by supplying the omitted vowels' &c., makes out an intelligible piece of the King's English.

The rapidity with which all this is executed by experienced operators is astonishing. The flag is kept in such rapid motion that the eye of the inexpert can scarcely follow, and his wonder is increased by being told that the reader, of whom he can not see the slightest indication with his naked eye, is ten or twelve miles away. An ordinary message of a few lines is despatched in ten minutes; a whole page of foolscap occupies about thirty minutes in its transmission. Officers who have long worked together, and are intimately acquainted with each other's abbreviations and peculiar expressions, can improve upon even this speed.

The distance also through which signals can be transmitted, without an intermediate station, is surprising. Last spring, Capt. Leonard, chief signal officer of the Fourth Corps, sent dispatches regularly from Ringgold to Summerville, on Lookout Mountain, a distance of eighteen miles. Lieut. Wm. Reynolds, formerly of the Tenth Corps, signalled from the deck of a gunboat twenty miles into Port Royal harbor. N. Daniels was sent by the Secretary of War to Maryland Heights to give information of the enemy's movements, and he succeeded in sending messages rapidly over the extraordinary distance of twenty-four miles—from the Heights to Sugar Loaf Mountain—four miles from Frederick. But these instances require remarkably favorable conditions of the atmosphere, locality, &c. Ordinarily messages are not sent a greater distance than six or eight miles.

Last night, a dispatch was received from Gen. Scofield's headquarters to Lost Mountain, a distance of six miles, and returned to Gen. Hooker's quarters, directly over which it had passed going out, and a message returned to Gen. Scofield in twenty minutes from the time the inquiry left him. Gen. Hooker is one mile from Gen. Scofield, and directly between him and the mountain, but an intervening forest prevents direct communication.

You need not hesitate to publish the above for fear of giving "aid and comfort" to the rebels. Not even the flagmen themselves have the slightest knowledge of the import of the message they are sending, not a general in the army is let into the secret, unless he comes humbly as a student, nor can the signal officers themselves read the message sent to them unless they have first had the countersign or key given out daily.

A TOUCHING INCIDENT OF THE WAR.—In one of the fierce engagements with the rebels near Mechanicsville in May last, a young lieutenant of Rhode Island battery had his right foot so shattered by a fragment of shell that, on reaching Washington after one of those horrible ambulance rides, and a journey of a week's duration, he was obliged to undergo amputation of the leg. He telegraphed home, hundreds of miles away, that all was going well, and with a soldier's fortitude composed himself to bear his sufferings alone. Unknown to him, however, his mother, one of those dear reserves of the army, hastened up to join the main force. She reached the city at midnight, and the nurses would have kept her from him until morning. One sat by his side fanning him as he slept, her hand on the feeble, fluctuating pulsations which forboded sad results. But what woman's heart could resist the pleadings of a mother then? In the darkness, she was finally allowed to glide in and take the place at his side. She touched his pulse as the nurse had done. Not a word had been spoken; but the sleeping boy opened his eyes and said: "That feels like my mother's hand! Who is this beside me? It is my mother; turn up the gas, and let me see mother!" The two dear faces met in one long, joyful, sobbing embrace, and the fondness pent up in each heart sobbed and panted and wept forth its expression. The gallant fellow, just twenty-one, his leg amputated on the last day of his three years' service, underwent operation after operation, and at last, when death drew nigh, and he was told by tearful friends that it only remained to make him comfortable, said "he had looked death in the face too many times to be afraid now," and died as gallantly as did the men of the Cumberland.

FAMILY MARKETING IN RICHMOND.—A family man in Richmond, going to market to purchase material for a dinner last Thursday (according to the "prices" of that day) would have to pay over $55 for that one meal. For instance: His first inquiry is for beef. He is told he can have an excellent article 'as low as three dollars per pound,' which was the rate on Thursday last. He purchases, say six pounds, disburses eighteen dollars, and goes on his way. A half peck of tomatoes, he thinks, would be very nice, and "regardless of expense" he buys that quantity, paying therefor five dollars a quart or twenty dollars in all. For green corn, which is on the same stand, he pays $6 a dozen, and for a "mess of beans," $10. Of course he cannot do without potatoes, and purchasing a "small measure," disburses another dollar and a quarter. By this time he has the material for a comfortable dinner, but upon summing up the cost, finds he has expended fifty-five dollars and a quarter for one meal, which aggregate will be largely increased by the cost of butter, bread and necessary condiments—good flour, according to the rates recently established by the Commissioners of Appraisment, being eighty-five cents a pound, and butter selling at proportionably exorbitant rates. According to this we can imagine the Southern Family Man going to market with his money in a wheelbarrow, and returning with his purchases in a port-monnaie.—*New York Express, July 27.*

AN INFALLIBLE CURE FOR DYSENTERY.—Doctor Page, of Washington, communicates to the *Republican* of that city the following simple remedy, long known in family practice, and which was recently tried in the camp of the New York twenty-second regiment, where there were from eighty to one hundred cases daily, and with rapid cures in every case:

Receipt.—In a teacup half full of vinegar, dissolve as much salt as it will take up, leaving a little excess of salt at the bottom of the cup. Pour boiling water on the solution till the cup is two-thirds or three-quarters full. A scum will rise to the surface, which must be removed, and the solution allowed to cool.

Dose.—Table spoon three times a day till relieved.